

Poetical.

Emma Lee and I.

When the nightgale was singing,
And the dove had gone to rest;
When the evening sky was tinged
With silver in the west;
Where the prairie flowers nodded
To zephyrs roving by;
Where the air was sweetly scented,
Walked Emma Lee and I.

We talked about the forests,
As we wandered there together;
We talked about the birds;
We talked about the weather;
We thought about the stars
That trembled in the sky;
We thought about the angels there,
Sweet Emma Lee and I.

We heard the night bird trilling
His continental song,
We heard the cricket chirping
As we gently passed along;
We felt our hearts a-swell
With love a-beating high,
We felt our lips a-kissing—
Sweet Emma Lee and I.

Heaven heard the vows we spoke,
As we our mutual love declared,
Vows never to be broken
While life to us is spared;
We asked our Heavenly Father,
As we gazed into the sky,
To crown our love with happiness,
Sweet Emma Lee and I.

Courtship.

Jenny sighed and Robin seized her
Pretty little trembling hand;
Then with clasping arms he squeezed her
Hair reluctant form, and—

"Loose me!" but he clasped the tighter,
"Jenny, say, wilt thou be mine?"
Then her bright face grew much brighter
And she whispered, "I am thine!"

Then they clasped each other fondly,
Close together as two bricks,
And they kissed each other soundly,
And— I left them in that fix!

Miscellaneous.

Wonderful Natural Objects.

The opening of the great country lying west of us has always brought to light some gigantic works of nature, in comparison with which Niagara, the Natural Bridge and the Mammoth Cave dwindle into curiosity, objects of third-rate importance. A closer familiarity with the mountain, valley and plain region, stretching towards the Pacific will develop, in all likelihood, still grander displays. The greatest discovery is that of a lake in the Cascade mountains, about eighty-five miles north-east of Jackson, Oregon. From the description, we should suppose this sheet of water occupies the mouth of an extinct volcano. It is twelve miles in length by ten in breadth, and forms to all appearance, a regular circle. The walls surrounding it are perpendicular, and rise above the surface of the water to an altitude of several thousand feet.

Of course no human bark has ever ripped this deeply embosomed retreat of the naids. Only the feathered tribe, with broad and strong wing, can venture to approach and rest upon its bosom.

In this mountain region has also been discovered a waterfall of the grandest proportions. All others, so far as known, are but general cascades compared with it. If the accounts are to be credited—and they come from several sources, all bearing marks of intelligence, and the corroborative evidences of consistency and similarity in description, measurements and details—this natural wonder is without a parallel, in the waterfall line, yet brought to the civilized world. Niagara, with its pitch of one hundred and sixty feet, is but a slight undulation, an almost imperceptible break, when contemplated with the leap of a river six or eight times that distance.

Near the northern line of Arizona is the great canon *De Chille*, another of these wonderful phenomena, where nature not only exhibits her grandeur in vastness of proportion, but in the force which she wields. A mountain has been torn assunder from top to base, and the two parts separated for a distance varying from one hundred to a thousand feet. The extent of the chasm in length is forty miles.

In the late war with the Navajo Indians, Col. Kit Carson marched through this canon and routed a large body of the enemy who had taken refuge in its fastnesses. The walls are described by our military officers as being nearly perpendicular, and of such a height that an arrow discharged from the top loses its propulsion long before it reaches the bottom, and comes floating to the ground with the simple force of its own gravity. The Indians inhabit the locality, and cultivate grain-fields and orchards with great success. (St. Louis Democrat.)

An Outraged Wife.

The Richmond Bulletin, of yesterday relates the following:
In a certain locality on 7th street lives a widow with two fascinating daughters, whose charms had won a married gentleman of our city from the allegiance due to the wife of his bosom only. Learning how matters stood, the lady visited these charming demurels and vowed vengeance dire if they ever again presumed to lead her lord astray.

On Saturday night, her suspicions being again aroused, the wife called a carriage and drove to the abode of the seducers, when she beheld there sat her recreant liege, with a male companion, the two friends and the widow enjoyed a cozy chat in the porch. Before, however, she could descend from the carriage the scene changed and a drop curtain, in the shape of a pannelled door, fell on the drama.

The outraged wife was not disposed, however, to give it up so, and demanded admittance, threatening to break in, in case of refusal, and the refusal being given and she kept her word, broke in, entered behind the scenes and called for her husband, but called in vain, that personage having slipped out by a rear entrance and taken a position on the street, whence he could watch the progress of events. The daughters were next demanded, but the mother informed her that they were not visible, whereupon with the remark that she would serve her purpose as well, the wife pitched into *mamere* and made ribbons and laces, blood, hair and epidermis fly. The contest was animated, but rage furnished the wife with unwonted strength (*from within that arm*) and she was the victor. At this juncture, however, the other male interposed, and handled the wife roughly. This was too much for the husband, and with the exclamation of "woman to woman and man to man," he rushed in and proceeded to administer a most summary chastisement upon the assailant of his wife. This being satisfactorily accomplished, the pair got into the carriage, which stood waiting, and returned home.

A Dutchman once wanted to wed a widow, and his manner of making known his feelings was as follows: "If you wish content to get a petter for a vorse, to be happy for a miserable, and if you smokes, and drinks ale, I shall take you for no petter and much vorse." Up on which the lady said, "Law!"

The Best Bed.

A feather bed is ruinous to health. A mattress is better; but in the course of a generation or two, either will become considerably loaded with the emanations from the bodies of those who sleep on them.—When we consider the immense amount of animal refuse which is constantly escaping from the pores of the skin, the conviction is forced upon us, that what we sleep on needs purification once in a while just as the clothes we wear have need to be taken to the wash-tub. A straw bed is better than a mattress, or we can throw the straw away, and the expense is not heavy. But nice and clean as a straw bed is, it has a troublesome rattle, while it is new, which to some persons is suggestive of ghosts or midnight robbers. A light, elastic plank is very pleasant, if supported at the ends, and covered with a blanket. Sleeping on the floor is pleasanter than it seems, and there is no danger of breaking one's bones by tumbling out of bed. Many of our soldiers have found sleeping in snow-drifts or mud-puddles, to agree with them; and it is certain that a mud-puddle in a pure atmosphere, is a more wholesome sleeping accommodation than the most luxurious bed in an unventilated chamber.

But of all beds ever invented, the best, most wholesome, and perhaps the cheapest, is the hammock. You need no bedstead, no mattress, no cumbersome trappings of any kind. You can lie at perfect ease in it, all the "making of the bed" that is necessary being to hang it up, and to put a blanket or sheet into it, as you prefer.—It should be well bunged on two stout wrought iron hooks, which are securely fastened into the wall on opposite sides of the room. If you want to rock yourself as you rock your baby in the cradle, you can do it with no trouble at all. There is none of that feeling of unventilated closeness, which there is about a feather bed, for the whole concern is as open as a shed net. There is no fear of vermin taking up their lodgings in it, for every shred of it is exposed to view, and there is no room for the creatures to hide. There is no difficulty about cleaning it, for you can dip it into a bucket of scalding water.—Nor is there any trouble in moving it, for when it is rolled up and tied, the bundle is no larger than your hat.

Anybody who will try a hammock for a few nights will wonder that they ever could enjoy the ponderous old thing known as bed and bedstead.

Washington and Washington Irving.

There is a little anecdote of Washington Irving whose authenticity is perfectly reliable, which shows the permanent bias which may be given to a child's mind.—Somebody asked Mr. Irving if he had ever seen General George Washington. "Yes," said he "twice. Once was an occasion of some review in the city of New York—I do not know what. I had been taken to see the parade, and was lifted in the arms of my Scotch nurse to see the General, and was told that the stately gentleman on horseback was General George Washington, for whom I had been named. And I knew him then, it was something to have seen General Washington. Next day I was out walking again with my nurse, when she suddenly caught sight of the General entering a shop. Clutching my hand tightly, she hurried into the shop and caught him by the sleeve, crying:

"General! General! here's a bairn that's called after ye. Will ye no gie him a blessing?"

"Called after me, is he?" said the General in a pleased voice, and, laying his hand on my head, said in a most reverential manner, "God bless the little one forever!" and went out of the shop. I never saw the General again," continued Mr. Irving, "and I am an old man now; but I can sometimes, even now, feel the gentle pressure of his hand on my head, and I know his blessing abided with me, for I have been blessed."

And the noble head bowed as if to receive another benediction; and it was who heard the simple story grow grave and reverential, for they all felt that it was much to have received the benediction of Washington. And who can tell if it be not to this incident that we owe the rare volumes of the great man's "Life" for which we are indebted to the pen of Washington Irving?—*Harper's Magazine.*

HOMICIDE.—Mr. John H. King, Agent of the South Carolina Railroad, at Hamburg, was shot by a United States colored soldier, about 9 o'clock Saturday night, on the corner of Centre and Market streets, in Hamburg. The weapon used was a long horseman's pistol, the ball from which entered the right breast, passed through the lungs and produced death in a few hours.

From what we have learned, the deed was as unprovoked as it was cruel and bloody. Mr. King was talking with a few friends on the street, when four colored soldiers came up to where they were standing and some few words passed between them, after which the soldiers passed on. This party met another colored soldier and a woman, to whom they remarked that they came very near having a shooting scrape, to which this soldier replied that he could shoot as quick as any one else, or something of the same effect, and proceeded in company with the woman, to where Mr. King and his friends were conversing. Some remark having been made, the fellow immediately approached Mr. King and fired the shot which unfortunately proved so fatal. So close did he approach the former that the powder was flashed in his face. The woman, together with some three or four colored soldiers, have been arrested, but it is not ascertained as yet whether the guilty party is in custody. The case is one which requires a speedy investigation.

The whole affair is a melancholy one and we record it with much regret.

Mr. King leaves a mother, a brother and three or four sisters, who were dependent upon him, to lament his cruel and untimely demise.—*Augusta Constitutionalist, 3d.*

A NEW CANDIDATE.—Samuel McMillen, Esq., of Chester announces himself a candidate to represent this Congressional District in the United States Congress. He boasts of having been originally opposed to secession, and by public acts evincing a prescient wisdom unknown to others. We think it high time the people of our section should rebuke those who endeavor to foist their claims to preference at this time because of their former political sagacity (?) The man who declares now his want of confidence in the Confederate cause, is unworthy to represent a people who suffered and endured so much! And we cannot fellowship one who will endeavor to seek preferment because of his superior Union proclivities. Our support of the Government is derived from a long and earnest trust that those who were on the battle-field with us will not suffer weak-kneed decrepit Unionism of the past to drive out the honest, manly sentiment which actuated the soldiers of our State. Among the soldiers we have a right to speak, and we would that they might forever denounce such as may come disguised under assumed names of "Original Union," and all that sort of stuff! The people were in earnest, and it is folly to deny it. We were defeated, and it is greater folly to disguise the facts.—*Anderson Intelligencer.*

"Father, how can the sea run where it's all tide?" asked Teddy. "It sets still, child," "How can it set when it has no bottom?" Teddy was led out of the door by the hair of his head.

The Mitten.

Seventeen years ago, there was a fair girl, so pure, so lovely, so refined, that she still rises to my mind as almost akin to angels. She was wooed, and ultimately won by a handsome young man of considerable wealth. He sported a fine team, delighted in hunting, and carried a pack of hounds. He neither played cards, drank wine, nor used tobacco. He had no occupation, no calling, no trade. He lived on his money, the interest of which alone would have supported a family handsomely. I never saw the fair bride till a few days ago. Seventeen years had passed away, and with them her beauty and her youth, her husband's fortune and his life, during the latter part of which they lived in a log cabin on the banks of the Ohio, near Plummer's Island—a whole family in one single room, subsisting on water, fat bacon, and corn bread. The husband had no business capacity.—He was a gentleman of education, of refinement, of noble impulses; but when his money was gone he could get no employment, simply because he did not know how to do anything. For awhile he floundered—first trying on one thing and then another; failure was written on them all.

He, however, finally obtained a situation; the labor was great, the compensation was small—it was that or starvation. In his heroic efforts to discharge his duties acceptably, he over-worked himself and died, leaving his widow and six girls in utter destitution. In seventeen years, the sweet and joyous and beautiful girl, had become a broken hearted, care-worn, poverty-stricken widow, with a house full of children.

Young woman! if a rich young man asks you to marry him, and has no occupation, or trade or calling, by which he could make a living if he were thrown on his own resources, you may give your respect, but give him the mitten.—*Dr. Hall.*

THE FENIAN EXCITEMENT.—WARLIKE RUMORS.—*L'Union Nationale*, which recently pretended to have some special information about the intention of the Fenians to invade Canada, now professes to tell us the preparations which "are being made to meet them." The chiefs of our militia organizations," it says, "are at work combining plans for the organization of an army of 40,000 men. Troops will probably be stationed along the entire frontier; a garrison will be stationed at Laprairie; finally, they are preparing to give us a line of troops from Quebec to Toronto, a grand strategic and more numerous than the which returned this spring accustomed to the life of a soldier." *L'Union Nationale* professes to have this information from an authentic source. We know not how much truth there may be in the statement, but the subject is said to have caused the Government some inquietude.

At the same time we have reason to believe that no such steps as those alleged by the Montreal Journal had been taken, and as there cannot have been any cabinet council since, it is difficult to understand how any such conclusion as that alleged could have arrived at. It is proper to state, however, that before the arrival of this statement in *L'Union Nationale*, there was a rumor in the city that the Government had resolved to place a guard of militiamen on the frontier. We cannot have long to wait to ascertain what truth there is in the statement.—*Toronto Leader.*

An amusing little episode recently occurred in a railroad car in England. Shortly after the train had left the depot, an old lady jumped up and addressed a gentleman seated behind her with "How dare you? What are you at?" The astonished gentleman replied that he had done nothing. The lady again seated herself, but in a few moments arose, full of rage and terror, and declared her neighbor was a "villain," and on arriving at the next station was about to have him arrested, when, luckily, the cause of her agitation was discovered.—It was the shape of a goose, which, placed in a basket under the seat, occupied by the lady, had, during the voyage, amused itself by pecking at her "understandings." The discovery of the criminal created great laughter among the passengers.

A "mountain of silver," or at all events a mountain containing vast quantities of the metal, has been discovered in the new State of Nevada. Its name is Silver Peak, it is east of San Francisco and about 70 miles south of Austin, and 12 immensely rich lodes have already been opened. The whole of Nevada is rich in silver, but the particular spot will, it is believed, produce more than any mines yet discovered. Close to the peak is an extinct crater, near it a vast deposit of salt, within sight a pure sulphur, and around an endless stony desert, the whole scene suggesting strongly the picture which Milton drew of hell.

HANGING.—A Scotch parson in his prayer said, "Laird, bless the great council, the parliament and grant that they may all hang together."

A country fellow standing by replied, "Yes, with all my heart, and the sooner the better. I'm sure it is the prayer of all good people." "But friends," said the parson, "I don't mean as that fellow does, but pray they may all hang together in accord and concord."

"No matter what cord," replied the other, "so 'tis but a strong one!"

INTELLECTUAL CAPACITY.—A Common Councilman's lady, paying her daughter a visit at school, and inquiring what progress she made in her education, the governess answered: "Pretty good, madam; m as is very attentive, if she wants anything it is capacity; but for that deficiency, you know, we must not blame her."

"No madam," replied the mother; but I blame you for not having mentioned it before. Her father, thank Heaven, can afford his daughters a capacity, and I beg she may have one and immediately, cost what it may."

"How often are we 'grown-up children' put to the blush by the pure thoughts of those whom Christ has 'set in our midst'! It was not many months ago when I heard a mother say 'that her dear little daughter begged her for a story one night as she was putting her to bed; and as it was near Easter she recounted to her daughter the story of our Saviour's suffering, death, and glorious ascension: 'And the temple was rent in twain, the dead arose from their graves, and the sun went out, and it was quite dark.'"

"No wonder, mamma; it went out to light Christ back to heaven, I reckon."

The following is the verdict of a negro jury: "We, de undersigned, bein a Koroner's jury to sit on de body ob de nigger Sambo, now done dead and gone afore us, hab ben sittin' on de nigger afore said, and find dat de deceased nigger did, on de night ob de fourteenth ob November, come to de fashin' from de bridge ob de river in de said river, and brok his neck, where we find he was subsequently drowned, and afterwards washed to de river side, whar we suppose he was froze to de f."

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H. L. J. & CO.
I most respectfully beg leave to return my sincere thanks to my friends and the public for their long and liberal patronage. I thank them. And now, as the late disastrous and fatal war is over, I am again established in this city; and (as it were) commencing anew; I therefore assure my friends and the public that my personal attention and energy shall be faithfully given to every interest committed to my care. Hence I most respectfully appeal to all my friends and the public, and solicit a share of patronage. Born and reared among you, and thirty years devoted to business under your own eye, is my reference.

Nov 8th H. L. JEFFERS.

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Of every variety, kept on hand. Together with Whips and Harness Findings.

Of all kinds.
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BREAD AND CAKES.

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As I did all I could during the war for our cause, and lost what little I was worth. I hope my friends will assist me by their patronage to make a living.

JOHN NESLEY.

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